

# The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est, Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname.)—St. Paclan, 4th Century.

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## The Catholic Record. London, Saturday, April 12, 1902.

### THE LATINS.

With Santos Dumont and Marconi in science, Rostand and Tissot in literature and art, the Latins are decaying beautifully.

### THE IRISH PARTY.

It must be disheartening to members of the Irish Party to know that some Ontario newspapers are disgusted with them. English editors have occasionally a reference to the eloquence of John Redmond, to the debating ability of Healy, etc., but the quill-drivers on this side of the water profess to see nothing commendable in any of the Party. They are contemptuous enough at all times, and since John Dollin called Mr. Chamberlain—well, you know what he did call him—they are worse, in fact they are unwholesomely virtuous. We are afraid John would not be elected a member of a third-rate golf club, and we are sure the liberty-loving people of Toronto would tender him a reception such as was given to Wm. O'Brien some years ago.

We are sorry for our Ontario brethren. They are loyal, sweet-tongued folk and they are on the Irish question insufferably stupid and narrow-minded. But cork up your eloquence, gentlemen, and bide a wee. The Irish members know why they are at Westminster, if you do not. They do a bit of fighting to keep up their reputation as malcontents, and as in all well-regulated wars many things that are not provided for in books of etiquette will be said and done. And do not delude yourselves into thinking that every loyal Briton views this matter as you do. We are not all connected with partisan newspaper and can talk sanely about a cause though we may not be in sympathy with it. And one thing we can promise you that if the Irish members hold together they will give you opportunities, and to spare, for copy, and every resolute Orangeman in the country a chance to talk big.

### IRISH AFFAIRS.

There is a rumor to the effect that Lord Salisbury is desirous of emulating "Buckshot" Foster. Redmond and his associates, however, are not daunted. They have faith in the cause, and are backed up by every Celt, not because they hate England, but because they love Ireland, and believe that she, as other parts of the Empire, has the right to promote her own interests and to make her own laws.

Some charitable people, who read Irish history in Orange lodges and in the Tablet, are in favor of applying a dose of coercion to the United Irish League. But that is not so simple as formerly. Men who can gauge the temper of the people and read plain facts assert that to declare war on the Irish organizations is stark madness. The Morning Leader says that coercion is out of the question because Ireland is crimeless. The whole trouble is caused by the poverty of the West—poverty that would have driven a less religious people into anarchism. The one thing which you cannot repress by a crime's act is poverty.

### A NOBLE UNIVERSITY.

In June of this year Laval University will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of its foundation. Its graduates, who are not only in Quebec but in every part of Canada and the United States, will no doubt show, in some substantial fashion, their affection for their alma mater. We may not be in a position to do much, but we can all do our little best towards aiding this great Catholic hall of learning. It has done good work; we can help it to continue it, and to do better work. And we hope to hear in June next that the men who have gone out from its precincts have rendered their tribute in the shape of hard cash, which is a deal more expressive than any manner of eulogy.

### MANHOOD'S DESTROYER.

It has been said that fifty years hence every successful man will be a total abstainer. We believe it. We go further and say that every young man who wants to do a man's work, just now, must be a very moderate drinker. There may be individuals with patent insides who can take their dram and yet manage to breast the tide of competition and get into a safe haven, but they are the exceptions. The average young man who indulges

is making a bid for a life's failure in whole or in part. The reason is simple. The man who succeeds to-day needs every ounce of vitality at his disposal. He must have a sound brain and body—which are incompatible with whiskey drinking. He must have a reserve fund of strength to draw upon for emergencies and opportunities. This, we know, is time-worn advice. But we may be pardoned for repeating it, and insisting that if health is the very highest of all temporal things, and the indispensable condition for success in any walk of life, it behooves a sensible young man to have nothing to do with alcohol, which, say scientists, is the most insidious destroyer of health and life.

And so we remark—go slow—very slow on whiskey.

### NOT WANTED—THE DRINKER.

Business men, we believe, are becoming more and more disinclined to employ even the moderate drinker. They don't look upon him as a safe investment. They want men who retire early and regularly—men with steady nerves and heads whom they can trust and depend upon. The non-abuser of stimulants may have these qualifications, but the man who buys and sells cannot afford to take any risks. They accept the scientific ruling in alcohol, and govern themselves accordingly. We know also a business man who invariably refuses to give employment to any applicant who touches intoxicating liquor. He is not a prohibitionist. A crank? Well that depends on one's view point. He is not one of the gentlemen who live mostly in fairy books, who take an interest in their employees and guides them in the path of rectitude. He is merely a hard-headed merchant who realizes that the man who can aid him in his quest of the dollar is not the one who paralyzes the saloon. And he is right. For, again, if vitality is the measure of success, any fraternizing with the boys which robs him of it lessens his power to do and to endure.

### "THE BOYS."

We have no time to descant on the many varieties of "the boys," but we may mention two of them which flourish in our community. There are "the boys" who take "bracers" and talk what they term politics. We may class them as more or less pronounced nuisances. Then there are "the boys" who attend innumerable dancing parties, whose main object in life is to have a good time, and who are never tired of what Jerrold used to call "this eternal guffaw." Not for worlds would we say anything against them. They are so sweet, and cute and unreal, so to speak, that one feels that the chilly air of adverse criticism would have a disastrous effect upon their delicate organism. But one thing all the boys have in common is, they are popular. Why? Because they are nonentities. The young man who makes his way will meet with competition and obstacles; he must so assert himself as to debar him effectually from the empty popularity which is accorded to those who throw away their time on dissipation and frivolity.

### TWO VIEWS OF QUEBEC.

Some time ago our esteemed contemporary The Westminster presented its readers with a picture of the religious condition of Quebec. It was, if we remember aright, far from reassuring, but we took consolation in the thought that the religious artists who limned it might have taken an imaginary signment rather than the reality as their model. We were therefore not altogether surprised when we noticed in the Avo Maria a different presentation of the same subject. It appears that Mr. Robertson James has been over the ground, and finds much that is worthy of unstinted praise. Says Mr. James:

"It would be difficult to find evidence in French Canada to substantiate the claims sometimes made by moralists that Rome keeps a nation in material and political servitude and blinds the ignorant to what to-day is called civilization. Probably in no country under the sun can a greater measure of political privilege be exercised than is to-day exercised by the most obscure citizen of the Province of Quebec; and it would be difficult to find a million and a half of people elsewhere who exhibit a like degree of thrift, content, courage and respect for laws.

"The limit of strength in the creation of the great Province of Quebec has always been the country abbe. He has always been faithful to the people, and the people have returned his trust with a pathetic and noble obedience. When the word of a king was no good, when they were whipped, when they sought refuge from the attack of the Iroquois, when all the world had to give

failed them, the bon pasteur did not desert. In this way they have grown up having a natural suspicion of the pomp and honors and rewards of the temporal State. Above all does the history of French Canada illustrate the fact that it is not dangerous to the stability of a State to commit the religious education of its future citizens to the religious teachers. In the Province of Quebec, with an enormous majority of Catholics on the Board of Education, the right of a Protestant child to benefit by the State fund applied to Protestant education is most zealously and most jealously guarded. Indeed there appears to be no religious rivalry of any kind."

### THE CHURCH AND THE DRAMA.

Maurice Francis Egan in Catholic Citizen.

The announcement that Rev. John Talbot Smith is considering a proposition to produce a play built on the theme of the tyranny of Napoleon III. in annulling, as far as he could, the marriage of his younger brother, Jerome, and Elizabeth Patterson, has excited some comment. And most of this comment in private circles is due to the misunderstanding of the relations of the Catholic Church with life, and to the opinion that Catholicism and Protestantism have essentials in common. The amazement expressed by persons who mistake Puritanism for religion, and who cannot separate the traditions of Protestantism or those of Catholicism, shows a curious ignorance of the past relations of religion with life.

The Catholic Church has made the great synthesis of the supernatural and the natural. Protestantism found this impossible. There is no better proof of this than the attraction which genius has towards the beauty of the Church. Byron confessed it—and from Walter Scott to Tompkinson, from Hawthorne to Maurice Thompson and Gilbert Parker, it has been evident. To the ordinary reader—provided he has not confined his reading to novels only—there ought to be nothing amazing in the announcement that a priest had consecrated his talents to the betterment of the human race by means of the drama. The drama is one of the flowers of civilization. Let the ascetic avoid and condemn it; if he will; but our Lord did not found the all-embracing Church for the ascetic only; he has his place; but humility should teach him that it is a very small place. The Jansenist, the Calvinist may try to build a Chinese wall about the few, the elect; but the Church has condemned both the Jansenist and the Calvinist. All the legitimate beauty of life is seized by the Catholic, who is not called to the life of the fathers of the desert, for the greater glory of God.

The Church did not create the drama; but the Church, the greatest master of human psychology, gathered it as the splendid rose is gathered to adorn an altar. The moralities, the mysteries, performed at the church doors, were the result of wise sympathy and knowledge. No name is more honored in Spain than that of Calderon de la Barca. He was a priest who wrote plays—that is all. His "autos" are among the most sublime tributes that the mind and heart of man ever offered to the Eucharist; they are dramas written to be performed in the plazas of the great towns of Spain on the feast of Corpus Christi. But Calderon did not confine himself to the "autos." He wrote dramas that called the attention of the mind and heart of man ever offered to the Eucharist; they are dramas written to be performed in the plazas of the great towns of Spain on the feast of Corpus Christi. But Calderon did not confine himself to the "autos." He wrote dramas that called the attention of the mind and heart of man ever offered to the Eucharist; they are dramas written to be performed in the plazas of the great towns of Spain on the feast of Corpus Christi.

The theatre to-day is a force that ought to be reckoned with. You cannot kill the drama by an unintelligent contempt from the pulpit. The work of ethics directs it; he does not stand in its way as a rock, or as flaming sword. When the unwise do so, the drama merely moves on either side of him. The misfortune of most of us is that to-day we do not know the history of our Catholic ancestors. We are tainted by contact with the illiberal opinions of a Protestant tradition which has no vital power for beauty. Puritanism silenced for a time the beautiful voice of Shakespeare; it did what it could to spoil Milton; it was so unnatural and so unreasonable that it caused the obscene and licentious reaction of dramatic art at the time of the Restoration.

And now when—the papers say—Dr. Talbot Smith proposed to write a play which shall show in admirable artistic form the attitude of the Church to marriage, the average person asks: "What? a priest to write a play?" The question shows a weakness which is at once pompous and supercilious. What? A Pope with a poem? A Bishop with an essay? A priest condescend to use a form of literature which Calderon and Lope de Vega and Shakespeare illumined? These questions show that some sort of higher education is needed to enlighten the complacent ignorance of some modern Byzantines.

Leo XIII. has on every possible occasion exhorted writers to permeate their work with true philosophy. The theatre to-day offers great opportunities for ethical teaching, or, at least, for in-

nocent diversion. The devil, as a rule, manages the "problem play" because Catholics who are philologically trained, are ignorant of the technique of the drama,—because modern literature is looked upon as a trifle of no moment. The old contempt of the venacular, which gave Wycklife and Luther, who loved their native language, such an advantage, seems to hold to-day, and the flesh and the devil are allowed to claim an art of great potency for good or evil because the children of light are too narrow-minded to take it seriously.

### TWO SIDES TO THE QUESTION.

Among American Protestants the popular view of Catholicism is decidedly unfavorable. Even if they see around them Catholic fellow-citizens trying to live from day to day lives of rectitude and piety, the impression is that these are "Americanized" Catholics, but that in other countries than ours, and in other times than ours, Catholics were as black as they have been painted by sectarian writers. They have a notion that Protestantism was cruelly abused and persecuted by Catholics in former ages; but that Catholics ever were persecuted for their faith they never think. The contest waged between Protestantism and Catholicism in England they look upon as a struggle between light and darkness, Catholicism being the darkness—and they never dream of the tyanny exercised by the Protestantism of England toward Catholics, nor think that any evils or abuses ever existed in the Protestant Church by her established. Let us see what T. F. Tont, M. A., says in a history of England, published last year in London, about the state of the Anglican Church early in the nineteenth century. Mr. Tont is professor of history at the Queens College, Victoria University, and judging from the tone of his history is decidedly a Protestant. Yet he is compelled to say:

"The general condition of the Church early in the century was not very high. Many of the Bishops were either noblemen, noblemen's tutors, or distinguished scholars and some of them greedy, lazy and indifferent to their spiritual duties. Scandalous lives and drunkenness were not rare among the parochial clergy, and even among the rest there was more idleness than hard work or zeal. Non-residence was shamefully common, and increased after an Act of 1802 gave the Bishops power to give or withhold licenses not to reside. The poet Crabbe describes a type of clergyman that was still sometimes to be found: 'A jovial youth who thinks his Sunday task as much as that of men who fairly set; To sing the psalms and to read the night; To urge their chase to cheer them or to guide; A sportsman keen he sports through half the day; And skilful at what, devotes the nights to play.'"

"Such men were often good-natured, honest and kindly, but the clergy as a body were secular in their habits, though above the level of general society." "The expulsion of the poor from the churches," says a famous High-church statesman, "the mutilations of the fabrics, the horrors of the church music, and the coldness and indifference of the lounging or stooping congregation would shock a Brahmin or a Buddhist." Mr. Tont says, further: "There was still much bigotry, and the church clung hard to its old exclusive privileges, and set itself against needed reforms. The emancipation of the Catholics in 1829 was not popular, though many bishops voted for it. But practically all the bishops opposed the Reform Bill, and the church seemed so unpopular that the Reformed Parliament, it was thought, would make short work of it altogether. The strongest bishop, Phillips of Exeter, led a fierce opposition to all reform."

According as our Protestant friends read history of the right kind, they rid themselves we are sure, of many erroneous notions regarding, on the one hand, Catholicism, and on the other, Protestantism. If they do not entirely absolve the Catholics of the past from all the evil of which they are accused, they at least discover that there are two sides to the question. And this is a long step in the right direction.—Sacred Heart Review.

### THE IRISH CURATE AND THE PEASANT.

By Dr. R. Hawley in April Dashaes's Apropos of the fine physique of the Irish Curate a story runs in a certain diocese, of a young man just ordained in Maynooth and sent to his first curacy. This was in a part of the Province far distant from his native parish so that he was a stranger to the people of the place. On one of his first sick calls he set out across country accompanied by the staid, elderly peasant who had summoned him. A very high barred gate joining two ditches crowned by hedge rows led to a field that offered a short cut to the sick person's abode. This gate the countryman proceeded to open. But, before he could well lay his hand on it the young priest dashed at it, cleared it, and the ditch behind at a bound, and stood smiling in the field with faces to the peasant still fumbling with the gate. It was the worst "leap" in the country and no man or horse had cleared it before.

"I beg pardon, your Reverence, but please tell me are there any more of your likes in your family at home; any bold daring sons, I mean, of the same make as yourself, God bless you?" "Oh, yes," said the Curate, laughing. "I have several brothers, and there are two among them I wouldn't care

to handle or to challenge in any bout." "Thank Heaven for that same," exclaimed the man. "Sure it would be a further the grand stock o' ye should run out an' you priested!"

### HE BELIEVED.

Striking Story Told of the Remarkable Conversion of an Athlete.

A strong presentation was made a few evenings ago in a public lecture delivered at Grand Rapids, Mich., by Father Schrems. Said the lecturer: "Father Athanasius Kirscher, who lived in the seventeenth century, is recognized as one of the greatest scientists of his day. He was in turn professor of philosophy, Oriental languages, mathematics, Egyptology, physical sciences. He was a voluminous writer on mathematics and physics. 'Mundus Subterraneus' was a real encyclopedia, comprising all the geological knowledge of the day. At Rome he collected an enormous museum of scientific instruments, natural objects, models and antiquities, and himself constructed many wonderful instruments. Father Kirscher was the possessor of a magnificent globe representing our planetary system. By means of a secret spring the whole could be set in motion, reproducing in imitation the movements of the earth and the other planets around the sun.

A young friend of the great scientist called one day just as the priest was about to attend a dying woman. Kindly the priest invited the young man to his study, there to await his return. Quite naturally the young man's attention was soon drawn to the splendid globe, and as he was passing his hand over the instrument he accidentally touched the secret spring, starting the whole mechanism in motion. Lost in admiration of this wonderful imitation of the universe the priest found him on his return. The first question the young man, who by the way, was an avowed infidel, asked was:

"Father, who is the genius that has made this wonderful instrument?"

Why, answered the priest, nobody made it, it made itself.

Father, said the young man, you are trifling with me; it is against reason, it is an utter impossibility that this splendid and wonderful imitation of our universe should have made itself or be the work of chance.

What I answered the priest, you admit that a genius was necessary to make this poor, insignificant miniature of the vast universe and yet affirm that the great universe of which a single blade of living grass contains more wonders than this paltry globe had no maker?

For a moment the young man reflected, then dropping on his knees, he uttered his first profession of faith: "My God, I believe."

### CATHOLICS AND HERETICS.

The Bishop of Liverpool has published some very pertinent words on the relations between Catholics and their non-Catholic fellow-citizens, which ought to have quite as practical an application in this country as they have in England. Writing in a prefatory letter, which he prints in the Report of the Ecclesiastical Education fund, His Lordship says:

Whatever allowance you make for the good faith of those outside the Church, that can be no reason for your coming to any truce with heresy itself. Yet business, friendship or the common labors of public life often throw Catholics into the company of non-Catholics; and, sooner or later, divergencies of opinions either about the distinctive doctrines of different denominations, or about the principles of the moral law, which Catholic teaching never wavers, manifest themselves. That very sense of fairness which induces a Catholic to look at matters from the point of view of those who differ from him in questions of every-day life easily leads him to do the same when it is a matter of religion. If he does so, then, unless he is on his guard, he may find that the sensitiveness to error which every good Catholic should have, is becoming gradually blunted. Furthermore, he may easily be betrayed, in order to avoid giving offence to non-Catholics, into actions that are tantamount to an approval of heresy. A Catholic then should school himself into looking at heresy as his Divine Master does. As our Lord looks down upon this earth of ours from the right hand of the Father, His gaze ever rests with love on that Church which He founded. She is His Spouse, whom He redeemed with His Precious Blood, the mystical body of which He is the Head, whose fulness of grace and truth she is ever receiving.

### A Beautiful Exhortation.

Randall in Catholic Columbian. Explaining the Catholic doctrine of the Sacrament of Penance to a number of dissenting brethren who attended his discourses, Rev. Father Burke concluded thus: "My friends, the services this evening will conclude with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. We Catholics believe that Jesus Christ, true God and true Man, is present in the consecrated Host. Though you who are of a different faith may not believe it, at least reverently bow your heads when it is elevated and say; If, my God You are present really, truly, and substantially, as Catholics believe, bless me; teach to know the truth and 'Lead, kindly light: lead Thou me on.' This was uttered sympathetically and it was a very beautiful exhortation. I should think that a Protestant devoutly, seriously and condignly repeating

such a prayer, in the Divine Presence, would have the grace of conversion or be placed in an attitude of gaining it eventually.

### THE CHURCH IN MEXICO.

F. R. Guernsey, the brilliant Mexico correspondent of the Boston Herald, wishes that the religious press of Mexico would not hold Americans in general responsible for the horrids of Protestant missionaries in our neighborly republic, and would realize that the representatives of American business enterprises, so far from fraternizing with said missionaries or employing them as spies, resent their work, as tending to excite prejudice against foreigners in general. Says Mr. Guernsey:

"The last thing they trouble themselves about is the religious question. Ask the great contractor, the capitalist who has bought mines and built smelters, what he thinks of the work of the Protestant missionaries, and whether he does not believe that the conversion of the masses to Methodism or Presbyterianism would conduce to their mental enlightenment, and he will turn on you impatiently and ask, as like as not, 'What do you think I am here for? Why should I want to make enemies by interfering with the popular faith?' 'We are looked at with suspicion by our own countrymen in Mexico,' said a missionary to me recently, adding: 'The business men would like to see us all leave here; they have no sympathy with us or our work.' This was not said bitterly, but as if it were a mere statement of the attitude of resident Americans.

As to the result of Protestant missionary efforts in Mexico, it is clearly a case of great cry and little wool. The missionaries, Mr. Guernsey tells us, have made no impression whatever on the upper classes in Mexico; and out of the total 14,000,000 population of that country, in all these years of proselytizing work, not more than 60,000 of any class have been won over to the Protestant sects.

Where the dominant Church is lax the Protestant missionaries are an embodied rebuke. They bring in the competition of religions, and set the native clergy to thinking that they must get nearer the poor than is possible in Church ceremonies.

Great Catholic prelates have urged greater zeal in behalf of the lower classes, a more intense spirituality and a coming together of rich and poor in Christian unity. I know one Archbishop who, last Christmas time, in his city, took the money sent as an offering by the rich, and instead of dividing it with the local clergy, as had been the custom, bought sewing machines for poor women. "Don't pawn these machines if you get into straits," said the noble prelate, "but, rather, come to me and I will aid you. Keep the sewing machines to aid you to earn your bread!"

The Mexican clergy are not rightly to be condemned offhand sweepingly. Thousands of them do their Master's work, faring poorly, and coming to their last day in poverty. I know priests who deny themselves the principal comforts of life to be able to spare something for the poor of their parishes. Priests there are who have taken orphans to their home till they could place them properly with kindly people. And priests I have seen sleeping on boards, sans mattress, and with only a rough blanket for a cover.

The Protestant missionary is not ready to do this. He has his wife and children to think of, and he often takes to school-teaching, not having the heart to attempt to work off on the Mexicans the creeds and confessions which the "home-mission" has discarded. Speaking of the religious life of Mexico, Mr. Guernsey again renders his mood of generous admiration to the pure Christianity and shining domestic virtues of the women of that land.

"The Mexican who does not give a part of her day to prayer is an exceptional member of her sex. A certain unworldly sweetness, a graciousness which seems to come from a heart that pities the sinner, characterize the Mexican woman. . . . She places duty first, and so centres herself in her home. Her life may be 'narrow,' but so, the Scriptures say, is the way to eternal happiness. She believes this heartily, and her life is one of sacrifice, and in her old age she achieves a beauty of the soul, a tranquility of the heart, rarely seen in the lands of feminine endeavor after pleasure and intellectuality.

"So, without striving with Ibsen's heroines to develop their individuality, the women of Latin America gain something that is perhaps better.

"Talk to the Mexican woman of the college professors who reject the stories of miracles, of the higher critics who are pulling the Bible out of its binding, of the preaching of evolution in the pulpits, and she will find all this a most alarming manifestation of heresy. She will not call down the vengeance of heaven on the heretics, but will remember to pray for them very sweetly and tenderly next day at church! That is her way, a resort to the invisible champions of her religion."

To a land ruled by ideals like this, what a sarcasm, as Mr. Guernsey demonstrates to bring a pretended better religion, from which most of the positive Christian teaching is gone. Up-to-date American Protestants are joyous heathens who have discarded the Bunyan brand of religion from their own use, but consider it good enough for the benighted Latin American. They don't worry, however, if he will have none of it. They are not after proselytes but dollars.—Boston Pilot.